## THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times:
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the priless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Unon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our awains at present are for. Mean muiton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one fived of old:
So they couple the crook of the Golden Age
With a kook in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gange Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in buts and in marble halls— From shepherdess up to queen— Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls. And nothing for crindine.

But new simplicity's not the rage.

And it's funny to think how cold

The dress they were in the Golden Age

Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas, Tobacco, balloons and steam.

Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;
And in spite of Lempirer's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—

hundred years of the Golden Age For a year of the Age of Gold. HENRY S. LEIGH.

## NOT GUILTY.

AN IRISH MURDER CASE. 'There is that fence broken again,' William Grabam, Mr. Jenning's S William Grabam, Mr. Jenning's Scotch steward, as he entered his contortable home in the yard, in which he had fived for fitteen

in the yard, in which he had lived for liveen years. 'I wish the blackguard Murphys were out of thus, for I know they will never quit this mischief as long as they are here.'

'So do I, Bull, answered his wife, while Graham got a hatchet, a hammer, and some long nails, with which to repair the wooden paling. 'But had ye not better wait and ear your breakfast before ye go out now? It is

nearly ready. No. 1 will make the fence right in five minutes, and then I can eat my breakfast in comfort; but I wish the master would come home and do something about the Murphys. It would be better to leave them the bit of a field than to have all this trouble at his yaid-gate like does not not them out?

if he does not put them out.'
'Well, for God's sake, take eare, Bill, and don't ye be gettin' into any arguments with them until the master returns; for they are a cangerous ior, and ye had better let him settle

with them himself." fut, woman, I don't fear all the Murphys this villanous country ever bred; but don't ye be aliaid that I am goin' to enter into any argument with them. Indeed, they have been more civil-like for the last week than since they lost the field; and I'm thinking they see that it's no use trying threatening letters on me Will ve have two eggs or three I the

woman called after him, as he went through the back-gate, close outside which was the house where fived the Murphys, to whom he had alluded.

'Three; for I'm thinking I'll go into the market the day,' he answered, as he looked back, with a smile. They were the last words he ever spoke

Mrs. Graham returned to the comfortable where the breakfast-things were laid. and, calculating that he would return in minutes, she had everything rendy for b the eggs were beiled, and piles of butiered teast were carefully laid before the fire. But twenty minutes passed, and he did not appear. She replaced the eggs in hot water, cracking the shells that they might not become hard; the shells that they hight not december hard, and after waiting another ten minutes, she went to the yard-gate to call him.

The wooden fence that he had gone to repair was not a hundred yards from the gate, and

had been put up to fence off about an are from the grass-field, immontately behind the yard. This acre had been let to Michael Murphy about five years before, as he had taken the home farm during the absence abroad of Mr. Jen nings, and he wanted the accommodation of th small plot. But a year before, as it was required for Mr. Jennings use, he was called upon to give it up, and refused point-blank. Within six months a notice to quit was served upon him by Graham the steward, and at the next sessions it wanted but the legal proof of the service of the notice to obtain, in due course, a decree for don. Twice before the service of the Graham had received threatening letters, and once since the service had been effected. But, tearless in the performance of his duty, he took no heed of the missives,

which he placed in his desk.

Mrs. Graham walked out of the yard-gate, and past the door of Murphy's house. Through the open door she observed Mrs. Murphy and her two daughters sitting over the fire ting. None of the men were about. Lo ting. None of the men were about. Looking to the tence, she saw at once where the top and second rail had been displaced. No man had been displaced. No man and second rail had been displaced. stood repairing it, but close by a something that might be a bundle of clothes. Too well she knew what that meant; and with a cry of horror she rushed to the spot, to find her husband on his face, his arms extended, and the hatchet lying beside him. Mrs. Graham was not a woman to go into hysterics, or to give way to the loud wailing that would have reway to the foul waining that would have re-lieved a weaker nature. As she gently turned him over, it needed not a glance at his palled face to show that he was dead. With a stunned despair she sat down, and, taking his

Murphy come to the door, and, looking over at the place where she sat, in the bright blaze of the morning san, tuen thack to resume her knot-ling at the fire. She did not see their own workman look cantionsly over the garden wall, and as cantionsly disappear. She saw nothing bushand, and her mind flew back eyer the many happy years they had lived together since they left their northern home; the years of his strong manhood, and the has anxious year of his slowly ebbing life-for sary doctor had given but sleader hope

of his using the recovery.

At leasth, laying him down, with her apron over his are, she walked resolutely to the open

the face! she shouted. 'You have ne! him long enough, and new you have

answered Mrs. Marphy, with a

the deepest concern. maderic, well you know the maderic sous that killed my husband f 'Oh. the cross of Heaven be about us! What to you mean, ma'am f' said Mrs. Murphy, apparently almost speechless with agrician. While she reverently made the sign of the cross

ber for head and breast.

What do I m an? There—there! Do you

John stennessey's comfortable farmhouse he where he hes-where your murderers have left him I again shouted Mrs. Graham, dragging Mrs. Marchy to the door. 'Oa, my poor Bul! my good husband! what brought as to this mandering country ? And wringing her bands wildly, she turned abruptly, and went back to

All this I learned after my arrival. The Police had already sent for the coroner, and from all the surrounding stations additional a thorough search began for any clue that hight be discovered. Not ten yards from the broken paling was found a brass carriedge-cast small to those used in American breech-bading rines. It had been recently discharged, and already the police had found that two bullets had passed through Graham's body. About the spot were found a couple of rusty halls, an old tobacco-pipe, a piece of a boot-lace, the iron up of a boot-heel, half a horn trather. boot-heel, half a horn toat-button, and a torn piece from the leaf of a sosg-book. Except the cartridge and the leaf Were not much; but they were carefully by lest by any chance they might afford a

The three Murphys were absent, and from the information given by Mrs. Graham there was little doubt that one or other was the murderer. I directed, therefore, that the house should be thoroughly searched from roof to

Into the house the police went, and searched t carefully; passing their hands over every beam to see if it might not be hollowed on the

top, and a gun laid in the place; probing the thatch where arms are often hidden; scanning every square toot of the floor; searching the chimney, the fireplace, under the hearthstone; feeling inside the frames of the bedsteads, where guns are sometimes hung on hooks; examining the beds themselves; searching carefully under them where long wells are often sunk for the arms, and covered over with a board, the clay, if a clay floor, being carefully rammed down on top; looking closely at the lambs of the doors and the lintels; peering into every cupboard, box, pail, and jug; lifting out the dresser, behind which is a favorite hiding-place, and generally turning upside down everything in the boase. In the dark corner of a little cupboard was found an empty cartridge-case, exactly the same as the one found close to case, exactly the same as the one found close to case, exactly the same as the one found close to the body; and on the clay floor of the room was the remains of a piece of burnt paper that had probably been used to light a pipe. A small oval piece remained unconsumed, and had evi-dently rested under the heel of a gun-stock, the mark remaining in the damp floor. This was all; and, though affording indications in con-firmation of our suspicions. I could not see much hope of evidence sufficient to justify an arrest.

By this time the coroner had arrived, and the jury, having viewed the body, a post mortem examination was ordered. To a person who has not gone through a course of surgery noth-ing can be imagined more horrible than the post moriem examination necessary in cases of murder. With none of the conveniences of a regular dissecting room, everything is a make-shift, from the ordinary dining-table, pressed into the sickening duty, to the amateur assist-ant, who is not seldom obliged to be relieved by a man of stronger nerves. The doctor is the a man of stronger nerves. The doctor is the one person present who rises superior to the teclings of less-blanted humanity; and even in the case of Graham, on whom he had been in constant attendance, I could discern, as he can brough the breast, and removed the heart and ungs, no teeling of pity for the man from

whom he had received many a fee.

The doctor spoke to himself, as he carefully examined the various organs. 'Ho, ho! Lungs good, heart healthy! Dear me, it's his liver that is gone; and I have been treating him for his lungs! Ah, well, well; he would not have ived twelve months anyway; so I was right

I was present-impelled by extreme anxiety o know exactly the direction that the bullets and taken. If the first shot had killed him had taken. If the first shot had killed him dead, then why fire a second, except a second person were present, and thus made himself a principal? If the second shot were fired after he had fallen, the direction of the wound would he had fallen, the direction of the wound would be oblique, from back to front, from below up-wards, as the shot was fired from behind. On the other hand, if Graham did not fall from the effects of the first shot, the probability was that the same person reloaded and fired again while ne was struggling away. I decided that both shots were fired by one man, who reloaded; and as both bullets traversed the chest from back to front at the same height, both were fired when Graham was still standing. Nothing further was discovered at the in-quest. Mrs. Murphy and her three daughters were examined, and swore they heard no shots.

were examined, and swore they heard no shots. The man working in the garden had heard two shots, but thought somebody was trightening crows, so took no notice. He did not even look up from his work. A farmer working in a field a quarter of a mile away had stated that he heard the shots, and, a short time after, saw a man running along the bottom of his field, and carrying a gun. He was sent for, and sworn, when he acknowledged that he saw a man, but declared that he could not remember seeing a gun. On this point he was pressed. The person to whom he had told it was brought forward, and sworn. He did not like to say posi-tively that Connor, the farmer, had told him there was a gun. Reminded that but a couple of hours had passed since the conversation, he said that he would not be positive upon hi

oath. Connor swore that the man he saw was not one of the Murphys, being much smaller.

The police proved the finding of the cartridges. A junor requested that Mrs. Graham should be recalled, and examined her closely as to the relations existing octween her and her husband. After a time, the coroner interposed and suggested that further examination in tha and suggested that future examination in that direction could throw no light apon the marder. The juror suggested that Graham might have shot himself but reluctantly assented to the proposition that he could not have afterwards secreted or carried away the gun. This juror, with another, appeared to take a much deeper interest in the evidence than the remainder of the jury, who sat stolidly listening to the wit-nesses with apparent indifference. No further evidence was forthcoming, and the coroner ad-dressed the jury, saying that there could be no doubt that a toul murder had been committed; and though they could not bely feeling that the circumstances with regard to the property, in which Graham was involved, may have had something to say to the crime, there was no evidence before them to throw any light upon the matter. The second jury objected to the as-sumption that the crime was agrarian. He declared that he had heard whispers of Graham name having been coupled with two or three girls, and suggested that such a state of things ould account for the murder, without assuming

out proof, be east under such a stigma, and, perhaps, saddled with a police tax. Mura urs of approbation followed the speech, and a verdict of wilful murder was returned, stating that by whom or for what cause there

was no evidence to show.

After the inquest the two jurors, Burke and Hailoran, walked away together.

'It was well done, said Burke, 'and neatly, too. I am glad the Murphys kept away.'

too. I am glad the Murphys kept away.' too. I am glad the Murphys kept away.

Yes, answered Halloran. 'And you may as
well give me your subscription now, as the less
meeting the better for a short time.'

Barke handed him a one-pound note without

a word, and at the cross-road they separated,

each for his home.

Where were the Murphys? This was the question to which I was anytous to have an answer. No doubt Connor swore that a man passed in the direction of Clarewell who was passed in the direction of Clarewell who was not one of the Murphys. But a by were all the after absent I was not Connor's statement one of those always forthcoming after a murdet, to out the police off the scent I No agrarian murler ever takes place when similar statements are not made for that purpose. As to the observations of Barke and Halloran, I had too often heard exactly the same line taken to attach any wright to the observations of the after. No man held a higher character than feature, and the idea of a murder by trate

John Hennessey's comfortable farmhouse is stimated on gently-rising ground. Behind and around are fat pasture lands and arable fields, whose deep and fertile soil is only to be found in that portion of Ireland where its quality has won for it the name of the 'golden vein.' At a sittle distance the Bog of Allen begins, and stretches away far as the eye can reach. For sixty miles you can walk straight on, without leaving the sponey peat-moss and purple heather, whose annual growth and decay contributes to the ever-increasing peat-mould. An arm of the bog separates Hennessey's house from Ballymorley, which is not more than three miles distant. Around the verge of the bog are hundreds of deep pits, from which the turf are hundreds of deep pits, from which the turf has been cut—into these the dark-brown water has filtered, and here, buried nine or ten fest below the surface, is a splendid hiding place for anything that water will not spoil. In these holes lie many a gun, the barrels filled with grease, well-oiled stockings covering the locks and hammers, with an outer covering of grease and a linen rag. When required, ten minutes by the fireside makes them fit for service, and, even it found, their presence in a boghole can

even it found, their presence in a sognete can compromise no man.

John Hennessey is a wealthy man. His hag-gard is filled with the produce of his corn-nelds and neadows. Fat cattle are in his byre. Ferds and flocks stock the pasturage, of which he holds a long lease; and the banker in the nearest town holds a 'snug' balance to his credit. His rent has always been paid to the day; and his landlord is prepared to vouch for him as one of the most respectable of his credit.

In Hennessey's house, about three weeks ofter the murder, were assembled about twenty men. Some were respectably dressed, while he ragged garments of others showed that they had, it was quite probable that the writer did hand, it was quite probable that the writer did after the murder, were assembled about twenty men. Some were respectably dressed, while the ragged garments of others showed that they belonged to the most needy class of day laborers. At a large fire in the outer apart ment, which served as a kitchen and general reception-room, sat the wife, a comely soman, with a broad, good-natured face, and three daughters of various shades of ugliness. The men stood in groups, chatting in a low tone; and the most perfect equality existed between the ragged men and the better dressed. A man lounged outside the house, who, by a cough, gave notice of any approach, and, at the same time, went forward to meet the new-comer, that no stranger should take the company unawares. Into the house a young man entered quickly, and with that pronounced air of self-effacement that some men assume when they know their presence will be welcomed with enthusiasm. He was about five feet five, with hair of a rieddish tinge, and light blue eyes. He had the pale freekled face so often seen with men of evil temper; but his broad, upturned nose, and the play of his large weak mouth, seemed to ndicate a thoughtless good-humor.

God save all kers, said the new-comer. An. Martin Grady, cead mille falthe, an 'An, swered Mrs. Hennessey, who met him with effusion, and shook him heartily by the hand All the others crowded round to seize his hand one after another.
'Well done, Martin!' said one.

'Well done, Martin!' said one.
'More good luck to you!' said another.
'Now, toys, business,' said Hennessey, in a loud tone, as he led the way into an inner room, in which were two beds—one for Hennessey and his wife, the other for the daughters. Candles were lik, and placed on a table in the centre, at which Hennessey sai, while the other servers of the world the said on the centre, at which Hennessey sai, while the other arranged themselves round the while the others arranged themselves round the room, some sitting on the beds, others standing or learning ca elessely against the walls. One young man took a revolver from his pocket, and, unloading it, amused himself by pulling the trigger and snapping the hammer, to see

how truly the chambers revolved Grady sat on one of the beds in a corner, talking earnestly with two men, who listened ttentively to his whispered tale. Hennessey rapped on the table, and was about speak, when Halloran, the juryman, entered, accompanied by a man who was evidently a

stranger. Blood and thunder!' shouted Hennessey,

with startled emphasis, as he hastily blew out one candle. Before he could extinguish the second, Halloran said,
'I am answerable. It is all right.'
Already the meeting had made hasty preparations for departure, and their faces showed how the could be a second had been already and with the country of the frightened they had beer. The young man with the revolver had thrown it at the back of the

the revolver had thrown it at the back of the bed; and Grady, whose hand convulsively clutched the corner of the bed on which it rested, presented a picture of abject terror.

'It is all right,' repeated Halloran, advancing to the table and relighting the candle. 'My friend, Bryan Hughes, from Roscommon, is a true and trusty brother.'

'You ought not to have brought him here without notice,' retorted Hennessey; 'but—turning to the stranger—'as you are here, I will sak you some questions. Come forward to the

ask you some questions. Come forward to the

Hughes advanced, and Hennessev held out his right hand, which was seized with the grip of the society. The following passwords were then put by Hennessey, and the corresponding answer given by Hughes:

Q.—All things are commendable at present?
A.—We have no reason to complain.
Q.—We have got more than we expected?
A.—Yes, the Lord is all-wise, and merciful to

His people. 'So far so good,' said Hennessey. 'Now first tell me the name of your Centre, your Sub-Centre, and your Committeemen.' nes repeated several names.

What is your position ? 'l am a committeeman.

Taking him aside, Hennessey whispered Every man should do his duty.' To which the other answered, in a similar tone: Yes, according to his station.'
All right, said Hennessey aloud, resuming

his seat at the table, when, addressing the meeting, he continues: 'You all know the business we have met for to-night; and I hope find the collectors have done their duty. The b has been done, and well done; and I say job has been done, and well done; and I say the management of the whole thing is a credit to our district. Tom Murphy would have come here to-night to thank the brave man who has done his duty so well, but I told him that for six months he must not come near us for every move will be watched by the peelers. He has sent a good substitute anyway, and handed me the ten-pound note at mass yesterday that I now lay on the table. I say that a handred pounds would not overpay the man that has done this job, for it is worth many hundred to the farmers of this county; so now let me see what Each man came forward in turn. One

handed in four pounds, another eleven, another three, and so on in different amounts, which were received by Hennessey with various remarks, as the amounts were fair or small.

'Tom Casey,' he said to one who had handed

Tom Casey, he said to one who had handed in but sixteen shillings, 'do you mean to say that the people of Knockree could only put down the beggarly sum of sixteen shillings for the man that has done his business like a hero, and saved them hundreds of pounds?'

Begor, I do! I tried them all round, as far as I dare go; but the Malleys have a gradge against the Murphys, and they are very strong there, so they would not subscribe.'

'May their own land go from them, the traitors!' said Hennessey.

He then counted the proceeds of the collection, which amounted in all to forty-eight pounds. This amount he rolled up in a newspaper and left on the corner of the table, that

paper and left on the corner of the table, that when the candles were extinguished, Grady, for whom it was collected, could take it without that under no circumstances could evidence of its recent be given even by an informer. 'Now,' said Hennessey, 'is there any other

business to be done?

'Yes,' answered Hughes, the new-comer, whose entrance had caused such consternation, 'Graham is gone, and a good example made; but the country will never be safe until the master fees our power as well as his man, and

The peelers are out! he said. 'I wanched

'The peelers are out? he said. 'I watched the barr elts all the evening, as you tell me; and when I saw the patrol coming in this direction, I ran as hard as I could. They won't be here anyway for twenty minutes.'

In an instant the candless were out, and the meeting suddenly discoved; Hughes and Halioran holdly striking out for home across the beg, the others carefully avoiding the roads along which the police usually patrolled. To cover the fire with the sakes was the work of a minute, and in less than a quarter of an hour

Weeks passed away, and not a gleam of light was thrown upon the murder. The three han dred pounds' reward offered by Government was supplemented by two hundred, offered by the owner of Ballymorley for private informa-tion that would lead to a conviction. From tion that would lead to a conviction. From time to time various people were named to the police as having committed the murder; but inquiry showed that the information could not be depended upon, and sinister whispers reached me that the society was determined to pay me off, for what was considered an over-zealous

on, for what was considered an over-zealous auxiety to keep the police on the alert.

A girl, named Kate Donohne, bad confessed that on the morning of the murder she had seen a person coming across the bog; but who he was she would not say, though the constable suspected that she was consisting with the suspected that she was coquetting with the offer of the reward. The Murphys had returned to their house after a week, but where they had been was kept a profound secret That it was in the neighborhood was known; yet four times had large bodies of police surrounded a district of about five miles in dia-meter, and searched every house inward to Ballymorley without success.

By post one morning I received the following

'If your honor will meet me to-night at 11 o'clock, at Ballynacrasha, where Tim Delaney's boreen goes down to the bog, I can tell you the man that shot Graham. But you must come alone, as I do not wish any of the police should

not like to trust to a constable; on the other, remembering the warnings that I had received, I could not ignore the possibility that the letter was a cleverly contrived trap for me. Within twenty miles there was not a more unfrequented spot than the place indicated; and dangerous to the society as I had the credit of being, its members would gladiy compass my death, which would increase its meating. death, which would increase its prestige.
However, my duty was plainly to take any
course that promised the faintest hope of elucidating the mystery of Graham's murder, so I de-

termined to go. Ballynacrasha was about seven miles from my station. Taking two men with me, I drove to within a mile of the place, and then, turning down a cross-road toward Tim Delaney's house, walked on alone, leaving directions to the men to follow for half a mile slowly; then, if they heard a shot, to run on to the place as quickly as po sible. The night was fine, but datk; an 'as the road was pretty fair and fenced by low walls only, I got along quickly, keeping my eyes well about me lest may people should be behind the walls, and my revolver ready in my hand, to return any possible attentions to which I might be subjected.

Arrived at the boreen to the bog, I was Arrived at the botten to the bog, I was rather taken aback at finding that along both sides ran high hedges of whitethorn. Here was a most undesirable passage through which to walk, as the man on the road was completely at the mercy of anybody inside either fence. I lay down at the roadside, and listened carefully Not a stir broke the stillness of the night. Ther I determined to walk inside the tence If a traj were laid, they must await me at one side of other of the lane. Cautiously walking along the back of the fence, and listening carefully from time to time, at last I found myself at the end of the lane, and close to the verge of the bog. An old Rath stood not far from the spot, from which even in daylight no sign of human the corner of the bank, I waited quietly, listen-ing intently for the smallest sound. From the old Rath came the low cry of a curiew, and after a short interval it was repeated. I gave a short low whistle, and vatched carefully in the direction of the Rath. Soon a stooping figure came between me and the dim sky-line, and approached the end of the lane where I sat.

When he had come quite close, I stood up.
'Is that Mr. McGrath I' he whispered.
'Yes,' I answered. Then stepping close to him, I placed the revolver to his breast, while I ran my left hand over his pockets, and felt his hands, to insure that he was not armed. stood passively, though I could hear his

heart beat. 'Come to the old Rath,' he whispered; 'I am

Come to the old Rath, he was greed, Tain afraid to stand here.'
All right. Go on; but remember, it there is any treachery I will shoot you.'
He walked on to the Rath, stopping once or twice, and listening carefully, while his head turned from side to side, as he peered into the darkness.

your honor! Sure if I was found out. not a bit of the world's bread would I ever eat?

'Now, first, who are you?' I asked, as we steed in a deep hollow in the heart of the cld fort. • I am Jem Bropby, from Ballyphilip; and I

thought your honor might like to know who it was that shot William Graham. My eyes being now accustomed to the dark-ness, I could faintly discern his face, and a worse type I never saw-low and debased in every feature. As he spoke, he restlessly jerked his head from one side to the other, look-ing to see that no person approximate.

ng to see that no person approached.

Now, first, who shot Graham? Now, arst, who shot Graham?

'Well, str, I was thinking of asking your honor about the reward that is offered. Would I get the money if I tell you who snot him?

'Yes, if you swear it, and a jury believes you.'

'Well, now, sare that is hard. Would not I be murdered the minute it's known that I told I 'Not a bit of it. You could emigrate, and buy a farm. However, I cannot remain here all night, so now tell me what you want to say at

'Well, faith, I'll lave my dependence on your honor; sure it was Martin Grady from Carrickbeg beyant that shot him.'

'I don't believe you.'
'Well, on my oath, he is the man; and, by the same token, he shot him with Hennessey's rife that was over at Murphy's. For, first, Mick Murphy said he would shoot him; but the lodge said that it should be done regular, and Martin Grade was appeared.' Grady was appointed.

How do you know? Because I am in the society myself. And was not I one of the meeting where he was ap-pointed? And was not I at the meeting last reck when we paid him the collection that was made for him at Hennessey's of Clarewell ?

hey tound he always needed it the minute h tound it broken, for he was fond of driving nails. So they broke it that night, and went away on their ke ping, so that the police would suspect them, and Martin Grady went to their house. Then, when Graham was mending the fence, he followed him down and shot him

from behind.' Then he was alone, I suppose? Tell me

Then he was alone, I suppose? Teil me what he did with the rifle? 'I don't know what he did with it, it he did not hide it on the way across to Kilpatrick. They waited to shoot Graham until they could get a good tameral, so that it Grady was seen near Ballymoriey the funeral would account for it; and when Mrs. Byrne died, it was seit ed that she was to be buried at 9 o'clock in the morning; so, when Martin did the job, he ran to the funeral across the box, and in the graveyard he spoke to Father Joyce, as if he came all the way with the funeral, so that it there was any trouble out of it be could call Father Joyce as a witness that he was at Mrs. Byrne's funeral. Then, on his way to Kilpatrick, he

The you mean to say that John Hencesey is in

nt why should Grady trust you with all O, sure we all knew be was to do it, and

onthing, I asked:
'How do you poison them?'
'Oh. I use white arsenic, and grind it brough the lead, and then the man will surely the eleven days after. I made the slugs that hot Mr. Evans about twelve years ago. James armey shot him and went to america. He has a ready and a character is law are due. ast returned; and as there is law pending be-ween his father and Mr. Moon the landlord, I

believe Carney is to shoot Mr. Moon, if the law goes against him. And, bedad, I heard that your honor was to be shot too."
'Ah, well, that would not do them much good. Have you heard who is told off to shoot me? On, no. I den't think it is settled, but I suppose Mattin Grady, or Carney, or maybe suppose Martin Grady, or Carney, or maybe one of the Murphys. Sure, whoever is ordered All this the ruffian told with the most perfect

unconcern and coolness, but at short intervals he stopped and looked from side to side as before.

Where have the Murphys been I'

But it was not to be just yet. The foreman said:

'My lord, the jury wishes to know if the evi-Begor, they were within a quarter of a mile

of Ballymorley. Sure they were all safe on Father Ryan's hay-loft, and of course the police never thought of searching the priest's house.'
'Do you mean to say that Father Ryan knew

'Do you mean to say that Father Lyan knew they were there f'
Oh, no; but his boy is a cousin of a friend of Murphy's by marriage, so of c-urse he gave them a corner on the loft, and gave them their bread-and-milk every day.'
Well, you must come in to me to-morrow night at 10 o'clock, and swear what you tell me before a magistrate.'
'Oh, blood and aguis! Your honor, sure you would not do that to me! I could not do

If you do not, then I shall have Grady ar-

rested, and I will swear in the court what you circumstances that corroborate that testimony, have told me, and examine you on it, and I wish you joy of your safety when the society knows all that you have told me.' Sure I trusted your honor; and you would not treat me that way!

'I did not ask you to come. You asked me and, except for your evidence, I do not want to hear your story. That evidence you must give; and you need not fear for your safety, as

the police will provide for you in Dublin for the

Well, sir, I have no money; and I will be thankful if you give me a pound to give to my

poor mother.'
I handed him a pound note, and, reminding I handed him a pound note, and, remains him that he must present himself at my house the next night, I turned from him, and left the old Rath. Picking up the men. I returned to my station; and the next night Brophy knocked at my door. The resident magistrate was with me, and took Brophy's information, telling him that it nothing further turned up he was with me, and now hope the telling him that if nothing further turned up he would probably not be called upon to give evidence, and in the meantime information of the proceedings of the society would be well paid for. A five-pound note made the ruffian happy, and he returned to Ballyphilip.

This information was of immense importance. Inquiries showed the truth of some of Brophy's statements. Weeds had been burning on Harney's farm on that day. The ashes were still there, and in them the remains of two boosts of shows. Fighty, Layon was scaled to show or shoes. Fath r Joyce was spoken to about the funeral, and, without betraying the object of

the conversation, the fact was elicited that Grady had spoken to him.

It Kate Donobne could only be persuaded to say what she knew, a case might be made against Grady, whose movements were now clo-ely watched.

Armed with the knowledge derived from Brophy's information, the constable at length succeeded in per-unding her to come forward; nd her information was taken, to the effect that on the morning of the murder she saw Martin Grady, whom she knew, run across from the crounds of Ballymorley. He carried a gun. She was pulling heather in the bog, and he did not enserve her. She saw him stop and do something to the gun, which he then threw into a boghele, and went on at a quick pace toward the churchyard of Kilpatrick. She had known Martin Grady for several years, and could not

The constable produced a rifle that he had found in the boyhole indicated by Kate Dono-hue. A piece of tallow candle was forced into the muzzle, and over the lock was drawn the oiled leg of a stocking, which, however, was no protection from the water. On opening the oreach an exploded cartridge was found in the chamber, exactly similar to the one picked up at the scene of the murder. A warrant for Grady's arrest was immediately

chanted, and in the afternoon he was brought in. In his house were seven cartridges similar to the ones found close by Graham's body and in the rule. And in his box was a song-book with half a leaf torn out, the corresponding half being the piece of paper picked up at the scene

While he stood in the day-room of the barrack, he nervously buttoned and unbuttoned his coat. Why he should have done so is a mystery; but as the eye followed the mechanial movement, one of the constables was struck by the fact that one button was broken. The all leaf of the senz-book had just been fitted. half leaf of the song-book had just been litted, and the paper containing the various articles picked up was on the table. He picked out the half of a broken button, and placed it with the broken one on Grady's coat. It completed the button, of which it had evidently formed the half, and supplied additional corroboration of the evidence of the two principal witnesses.

the evidence of the two principal witnesses.

The case was heard at the next assizes, and excited immense interest. Money was forthexcited immense interest. Money was forthcoming to employ for Grady the ablest counsel,
and for two days the trial continued. Brophy's
evidence was listened to with breathless at ention, and the cross-examination of such a raffian
afforded a rich opportunity for the scattling and
merciless exposure of his intamy. Kate Donohue's evidence was straightforward and unshaken. She indignantly denied that she was
influenced in telling the truth by any prospect
of reward, and declared she neither looked for
it nor would take it. In cross-examination she of reward, and declared she neither looked for it nor would take it. In cross-examination she confessed that she loved Phil Beatty, and looked forward to the time when perhaps they might be able to marry and emigrate to America or Australia; but she never intended to do that with 'Government money.'

The circumstantial evidence in the case was

apparently conclusive; and when the leading counsel for the Crown sat down, saying: "That's our case, my lord," he did so with the air of a man who feels that but one verdict is

open to the jury.
When Kate Donohue left the court and was taken by a policeman to the outer hall. Phil Beatty stood before her, his face distorted with seconful anger. For months they had been looking forward to the time when perhaps they

eagerness. 'What!' he exclaimed; 'do you think that I would demean investf by touching the hand of an informer? How dar you have the impi-dence to spake my name? It you were hung about with diamonds, they would be red with Martin Grady's blood. You murderer! Take your blood-money, t. you can get it, but never show your lace again to an honest boy!

show your face again to an aonest boy!

The policeman led the wretched girl into one of the offices where, half fainting, she sank into a corner, and, covering her head with her shawl, wept bitterly, as all her hopes of hap piness faded away and left behind them blank

despair.
The defence was long and carefully planned. Five men swore that Gordy had left home that morning with them at 7 o clock, and gone with them to the funeral. Father Jeyee proved that Grady had asked him the hour is the churchyard at Kilpatrick. Mr. Halloran, who was on the coroner's jury, swore that, about a month before the murder, Grady had come to him about some work, and that he ban walked back

ney. He had carefully scanned and noted the inry list, and as a men came forward who was known to be determined to 'well and tritly fry,' he was ordered to stand aside. So with the Crown solicitor on the other side; but one man, well-dressed and apparently very respeciable, was unchalkeneed by either side. As soon as he had been sworn, the prisoner's nitrorney relaxed his vigilance, and felt that the battle was won. That man was Burke, who had sat on the coroner's jury.

An hour had passed since the jurige had concluded his charge and the jury had retired. The prisoner sat in the dock; the judge remained on the bench talking to the high sheriff, and a suppressed normar of conversation filled the densely crowded court, when the door of the jury-room opened, and the jury entered the box, following the foreman, who held the issue-paper in his hand. 'Silence!' shoured the erier; but there was no need, for everything

paper in his hand. 'Silence!' shouled the erier; but there was no need, for everything was still as death. The prischer stood up, and, chatching the rail in front of the dock, fixed his eyes on the issue-paper, upon the contents of which depended his life or death. His wide mouth open, with trembling lips, and a sickly dew upon his palled face, he must in that moment have had a foretaste of the agony of

But it was not to be just yet. The foreman

dence of Brophy is receivable on the points in which he has not been corroborated.'

which he has not been corroborated.'
'Is there any particular point upon which you wish to ask my assistance?'
'Yes, my lord. We want to know if we can consider the evidence of Brophy as to the meeting where the prisoner was paid the meney, and as to his knowledge that the prisoner was appointed to commit the murder f

pointed to commit the murder f
'Well, gentlemen, the broad principle is
this: The evidence of an accomplice—and by
his own showing the witness Brophy was an
accessory before and after the fact—must always be received with the gravest suspicion. and except corroborated by untainted evidence or by circumstances, it would not be safe to convict upon it. But if there are independent

it is right that you should weigh all together, and, as honest men, give to the tainted evidence its proper weight. Now, here, centlemen you have it sworn by Brophy that the prisoner was employed by this desperate society to murder William Graham, and that after the murder the witness Brophy was present at a meeting where the subscriptions in payment for that murder were paid for the prisoner, who was also present. At that meeting the murder was openly alluded to, and, if the witness is to be believed, the position of murderer was accepted by the prisoner at the bar. Now Kare Donohue, who, I must say, gave her evidence family—and you, gentlemen, can form your own op mons as to her manner in the witness box -- swears that on the morning of the murder she saw the prisoner come from the lands of Ballymorley, and saw him threw a gue into a boghole. Constable Timothy proves the finding of the rifle in the toghole, and in it was found an exploded cartralge of a neculiar make. A similar cart-ridge was found beside the tody of the murdered man, and it was proved that two shots were fired. The half hutton found on the spot has been explained by the defence on the theory that the prisoner broke the button when lean-ing over the paling a month before the murder, and dropped the paper at the same time. On the other hand, the witness who found the button swore that it was not close to the paling; and the theory put forward by the Crown is that the button was broken in the harry of re loading the rifle, and that the paper, if dropped then, must have been wet with the recent rain, whereas it was quite dry. It is for you, gentle-men, to say if you consider this testimony, oral and circumstantial, sufficient to corrobo rate the evidence of Brophy.'

Again a long pause. Again the hash of ex-pectation; but it was only to say that the jury

could not agree.

'Very well, gentlemen, you must retire. I shall wait for an bour; and then, if you still are unable to agree, you must remain for the night in the hands of the sheriff.'

In the hands of the suerin.

In half an hour the jury again poured into the box, and the foreman handed the issue-paper to the clerk of the Crown. The prispaper to the clerk of the Crown. The prisoner's eyes grew dim, and he clutched convulsively the front rail of the duck.

'How say you, gentlemen? Have you all agreed to your verdict?'

'We have.'

'And you say the prisoner is not guilty.' A roar came from a hundred voices in the court, and a surging crowd pressed forward to ward the dock.

'Silence! was shouted, but no silence came, until the mass of people had rushed from the court to the street, where wild cheers rent the

The prisoner was discharged, and on his ap-The prisoner was discharged, and on his appearance at the door of the court-house was lifted bodily, and carried triumphantly through the town. Then a pi-bald horse was procured, and on this he rode at the head of a procession, past the house of Ballymorley, where the mob past the house of Bairmorley, where the most stopped, shouting and yelling. A brass band preceded the procession; and as it approached the townland of Carrickbeg, played 'See the conquering hero comes,' and a banner was produced, on which was written: 'Down with the tyrants! Grady torever!'

Hero Grady made a speech. The verdict was

Here Grady made a speech. The verdict was found, and never again could be be tried for the same case, so he made no secret of having 'rid the world of one tyrant;' and ended his speech by saying: 'I have done my duty honestly and well, and am ready to do it again.'

well, and an ready to do it again."

A special police-station was established at through the county to pay the special tax. Brooby could not show his face in the county. His life would not be worth a day's purchase; so, choosing a tocality in another country, he received from Government a sum sufficient to take him there. Kate Donohue returned to her father's house, but no human being spoke to her. As she went along the road the children spat at her, and called her an informer. From spat at her, and called her an informer. From behind walls and hedges stones were thrown at her from time to time, and, as she entered the chapel one Sunday, the entire congregation rose and left it, as if she were plague-stricken. Her father and mother wished her to leave the ouse, so she tried to get a situation as servant; but for her no house was open, and at length the poor-house was the only spot on earth where rest and safety were within her reach. This having been represented, Government granted her a free passage to New-Zealand, where she is now the wife of a flourishing farmer. The Murphys were evicted; but never since has Mr. Jennings dared to return to Ballymoriey, where his advent would give the signal for the execution of sentence of death that he knows has been passed upon him. The society, though closely watched, is still in full swing; and the 'Graham murder case' has gone to swell the annals of 'undetected crime.'-[Time.

## THE BRACELET.

Why I tie about thy wrist, For what other reason is t, But to show thee how, in part, 'Tis but silk that bindeth thee. Snap the thread and thou art free; But 'tis otherwise with me: I am bound and fast bound, so That from thee I cannot go: If I could, I would not so!

THOMAS HERRICK.

A GHOST OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

About a mile from Eagley, berdering the old Bonean ridgeway, were the remains of the humble priory of Cookhill; the dornstory and ofness of the ins being formed into a plain farmhouse, to raise not roof which the adjoiner

ell into a

at Basley, who had much repute with humble tolk in allaying disorders.

1r. More was brought by Lady Conway, and after much peransion and shrinking, thee Slade disorded to them how, on three several occasions, in that room she had seen, at the stroke of twelve, a waving figure in a black habit, with the face bound up no if for briefs, and that the said figure had afterwards be looted to her as she was binding

be said ; " thus John Shale, o be the en-

caucilide Beauchamp, and elsewhere; and, at the entrance, in a fair state of preservation, was a claim claim colangiancing burnt in the hit; "Margaret Dyson, Lota, R. I. I." The mysterhous noise was easily explained; for the ground was covered by several inches of water, occang from a point wear the surface; where a fragment of stone jutting out, intercepted the rid; and from this projection, the waner drooping at intervals caused a gargling, sighing sound to reverbetate.

Alice Slade became caster in mind, but without manifest disease hot body grew weaker; and when Valentine Greatrake was called to her bedside so feeble was the action of the heart that the attendant thought she was gone. This wonderful doctor began by murmuring a few sentences in a plaintive tone, taking her left hand meanwhile.

Whereupon the sufferer opened her eyes and smiled; and after a while he repeated those strokes and passes for which he was famous. He then inquired whether she would show him the Malvern Hills; when, to the wonderment of those present, Alice being dressed, presently walked quickly out of the house, and did as he desired. Nor was there any teturn of her ailments for Job Heritage, who was then bailiff at the home-farm, saw her as a very old woman years afterwards, and gave those particulars to Mr. Popham Seymour.

A prize show of parrots was held in the

A prize show of parrots was held in the North of England. After many others had been brought forward in front of the judges, one bird, on having its cover removed, won the prize by acclamation. Looking around on the company into which it had been so sunaround on the company into which it had been so sud-denly introduced, it exclaimed: "By Jove I what a lot